SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE
A Charlton Publication
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE
TOMBSTONE
10¢
FEBRUARY
JAIL

My Pal!

Stop being a SKINNY Weakling like I was

IN 10 MINUTES of FUN A DAY YOU CAN DO ALL I DID

GAIN 25 lbs. of HANDSOME POWER-PACKED MUSCLES all over!

IMPROVE YOUR HE-MAN LOOKS 1000%

WIN NEW STRENGTH for money-making work! for WINNING at all SPORTS!

WIN NEW POPULARITY Win NEW FRIENDS, BOYS & GIRLS NEW CHANCES for BUSINESS SUCCESS

Win $100 as I just did!

BEFORE

How did I do ALL This? I mailed the Coupon and got These 5 PICTURE-PACKED HE MAN COURSES Which YOU can NOW get FREE

BEFORE $1 PRICE GOES BACK

Millions Sold for $1

GET ALL 5 FREE

"I gained 60 lbs. of muscles," says John Sill

HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY CHEST By GEORGE F. JOWETT 1

"I added 7 inches to my CHEST, 3 inches to each ARM," says Jobie Jackson

HOW TO MOLD MIGHTY ARM By GEORGE F. JOWETT 2

HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY BACK By GEORGE F. JOWETT 3

HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY GRIP By GEORGE F. JOWETT 4

HOW TO MOLD MIGHTY LEGS By GEORGE F. JOWETT 5

"I'm PROUD to be seen with Jim NOW! Everybody admires his build," says Nellie. "Jim can lift the front of a 2700 lb. car. He amazes his friends!"

You'll be A Real ATHLETE in ALL SPORTS Soon after YOU mail Coupon.

Jim is a WINNER in ALL SPORTS NOW. YOU will be, too, soon.

YOU CAN WIN a BIG 15" SILVER CUP as I just did! with YOUR NAME engraved on it!

JIM NORMAN

AFTER

He Mailed Coupon Below is Cleveland

BEFORE

He Mailed Coupon

90 lb. Skeleton

He says, I gained 70 lbs. of mighty muscle

COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU give me 10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY IN YOUR OWN HOME like Jim did and I'll give YOU A NEW HE-MAN BODY for your OLD SKELETON FRAME

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are I'll make you OVER by the SAME method I turned myself from a wreck to the strongest of the strong. Why can't I do for you what I did for MANY THOUSANDS of skinny fellows like You?

"Congratulations, John! At last you mailed the coupon as EVERY MAN should. Soon You'll be as big and strong as I am," says Jim Norman to John Luckus

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!

YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to your ARMS and CHEST. Your BACK and SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels you'll gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be A WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle.

Mail the "ALL FREE" coupon get this "AMAZING SECRETS" Photo Book

You'll LOOK, FEEL, ACT, like A Real HE-MAN! Win Women and Men Friends Win in Sports! Win Promotion, Praise, Popularity

AMAZING SECRETS Revealed in the MUSCLE of ODAY Magazine Shows You HOW YOU can BECOME an AMERICAN ALL-AROUND HE-MAN! Mailed to you in 10 DAYS in PLAIN WRAPPER PHOTO BOOK

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JOWETT INSTITUTE

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SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE Volume 1, Number 2 FEBRUARY, 1959

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(Printed in U.S.A.)

SHERIFF of TOMBSTONE

IN 'FRAME-UP'

WHEN LUKE SPADE SMASHED THROUGH THE DOOR OF THE ELITE HOTEL ROOM, HE FOUND A MAN OUT COLD ON THE FLOOR, HIS POCKETS EMPTIED -- AND RUSS TYLER HALFWAY THROUGH THE WINDOW WITH THE MAN'S WALLET!

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

TYLER WAS QUIET UNTIL HE REACHED THE STREET! THEN, HE TURNED, SWUNG A HAYMAKER AT THE LAWMAN...
DOGGONE IT, TYLER-- I HATE TUH DO THIS!

THE NEXT MORNING, RUSS TYLER WAS INDICTED FOR ASSAULT AND ROBBERY! HE STILL PROTESTED...
THE SHERIFF'S LYING, YOUR HONOR! HE'S BEEN ON MY BACK EVER SINCE I HIT TOMBSTONE! HE TOLD ME HE'D PUT ME IN JAIL ONE WAY OR ANOTHER!
THIS IS A SERIOUS ACCUSATION, SHERIFF! WILL YOU ANSWER HIM, PLEASE?
YORE HONOR, TYLER'S UP TO SOMETHIN'-- I HAVEN'T FIGURED IT OUT YET BUT...
SHERIFF! I GOT THE GUY WHO ROBBED THE MAN AT THE HOTEL LAST NIGHT...

OLD SAM DID IT! I CAUGHT HIM WITH THIS BANKROLL AND ASKED HIM WHERE HE GOT IT! HE WAS SCARED TO TALK AT FIRST, THEN HE ADMITTED IT...
TYLER IS INNOCENT! HE CAUGHT SAM WITH THE WALLET AND GRABBED IT! TYLER WAS AFTER HIM WHEN SHERIFF SPADE ENTERED THE ROOM!

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

THE COURT WAS DEAD SILENT-- THEN SHERIFF SPADE'S QUESTION JOLTED THEM ALL...

IF THAT STORY IS TRUE, TYLER, HOW COME THE DOOR WAS LOCKED AN' I HAD TO BREAK IN?

IT *WASN'T* LOCKED! YOU'RE TRYIN' TO FRAME ME--ANYONE CAN SEE THAT NOW!

WHY, YOU...

THAT'S ENOUGH, SHERIFF! THE PRISONER MAY BE CORRECT! YOU WILL RELEASE HIM AT ONCE! AND, IN THE FUTURE...

..YOU WILL NOT ANNOY THIS MAN OR COERCE HIM IN ANY WAY! THE SHERIFF'S DUTY IS TO SAFEGUARD THE CITIZENS, NOT DEPRIVE THEM OF THE LIBERTY! CASE DISMISSED!

EVERY MAN IN TOMBSTONE HELD THE SAME OPINION! LUKE SPADE TRIED TO FRAME RUSS TYLER TO WORK OFF A PRIVATE GRUDGE...

THEY REALLY BELIEVE IT! THEY THINK I'VE GOT A GRUDGE AGAINST TYLER!

NEXT TIME YUH ARREST TYLER, SHERIFF, YUH BETTER BE RIGHT!

YEAH, NEXT TIME...

THAT'S IT! IT'S PART OF A PLAN! A *BIG* PLAN! OLD SAM'S JUST A TOOL THEY USED! TYLER DOESN'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO HIM!

BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!

GIVEN! GIVEN! YES, WE GIVE YOU PREMIUMS or CASH!

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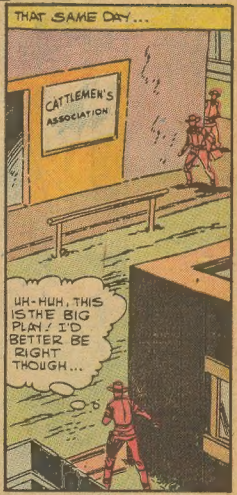
MEANWHILE...
THEY'RE BOUND TUH CATCH US, RUSS! WE'VE GOT TUH GET IN THAT VAULT DURING BUSINESS HOURS WHEN THE SAFE IS OPEN!

THEY'LL CATCH US, ALL RIGHT--BUT THE SHERIFF WON'T MAKE ANY ARRESTS! I'VE GOT 'IM FIXED SO HE WILL THINK A LONG TIME BEFORE HE LAYS A HAND ON ME!


THAT SAME DAY...
CATTLEMEN'S ASSOCIATION
UH-HUH, THIS IS THE BIG PLAY! I'D BETTER BE RIGHT THOUGH...

HERE, FILL THIS UP, DON'T HURRY!

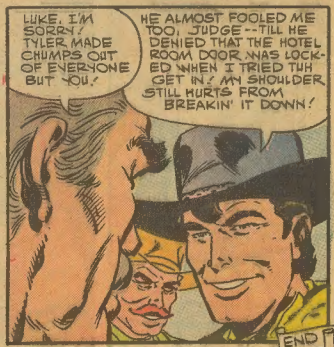
JUST BEFORE LUKE SPADE ACTED, THE JUDGE SHOWED UP, DELAYING LUKE...
...AND I WAS A FRIEND OF YOUR FATHER'S, LUKE! TAKE MY ADVICE, NEVER MISUSE YOUR AUTHORITY!
I WON'T, JUDGE--EXCUSE ME, I GOT SOMETHIN' TUH DO!

THE MONEY WAS THE BIG PROBLEM-- TYLER'S CONFEDERATES FORCED A BACK WINDOW AND ESCAPED! IT WAS UP TO TYLER TO GET OUT OF TOWN WITH THE CASH THEY'D TAKEN FROM THE ASSOCIATION'S SAFE...

WHAT'S IN THAT SUITCASE, TYLER?
SPADE, YOU CAN'T MAKE ME SHOW YOU! THE WHOLE TOWN KNOWS YOU'RE OUT TO GET ME--IF YOU BOTHER ME NOW, THEY'LL TAKE THAT TIN BADGE AND THROW YOU IN YOUR OWN CELL!

RUSS TYLER GRABBED HIS CHANCE! HE KNEW THE SHERIFF WOULD BE UNDECIDED, SO...

LATER, AFTER TYLER'S PLAN WAS EXPLAINED, AND THE THREE OUTLAWS SAFELY LOCKED AWAY...


LUKE, I'M SORRY! TYLER MADE CHUMPS OUT OF EVERYONE BUT YOU!
HE ALMOST FOOLED ME TOO, JUDGE--TILL HE DENIED THAT THE HOTEL ROOM DOOR WAS LOCKED WHEN I TRIED TUH GET IN! MY SHOULDER STILL HURTS FROM BREAKIN' IT DOWN!
END

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

in "PARDNER IN CRIME"

TOMMY HAYES GREW UP WITH LUKE SPADE -- WHEN HE WAS A KID, HE SAT ON FAT JACK'S LAP, LISTENING TO LUKE'S DAD TELLING STORIES OF THE BADMEN OF THE WEST. TOMMY LEFT TOWN WHEN THEY WERE BOTH IN THEIR TEENS -- BUT HE TRAVELED A DIFFERENT ROAD THAN THE TOMBSTONE SHERIFF DID.

GIT YORE HORSE, TOMMY! THE WHOLE TOWN'LL BE AFTER US IN A MINUTE!
I WINGED THE GUARD, JEFF! HOLD YORE FIRE -- YUH MIGHT HURT SOMEONE REAL BAD!
5476

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

HAYES WAS GLOOMY THAT DAY, AND HIS HARDBITTEN PARD NOTICED IT...

I WISH I HADN'T HURT THAT GUARD! HE WAS JUST DOIN' HIS JOB, JEFF! THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I EVER TURNED AGAINST THE LAW AND...

YUH TURNIN' SOFT, TOMMY?

I'D SHOOT YUH LIKE I WOULD A LAME HORSE, TOMMY! IF YUH TURN SOFT, YUH'RE NO USE TUH ME!

PUT THAT GUN AWAY, JEFF! IF I DRAW, I'LL PUT LEAD INTUH YUH, EVEN IF YUH DO HAVE THE DROP ON ME! COME ON, LET'S RIDE!

WHEN HAYES RODE INTO TOMBSTONE, HE HADN'T BEEN THERE IN TEN YEARS! HE'D HEARD THAT FAT JACK SPADE HAD HAD A HEART ATTACK AND WAS LONG SINCE BURIED, BUT HE DIDN'T KNOW WHO THE NEW SHERIFF WAS...

I USED TUH LIVE IN TOMBSTONE! IF JACK SPADE STILL TOTED THE BADGE, I'D NEVER COME HERE!

WE'LL RIDE WHEREVER WE WANT, BUDDY! ANY LAWMAN CROSSES OUR PATH IS IN FOR TROUBLE, *BIG* TROUBLE!

WHO YUH LOOKIN' FOR NOW?

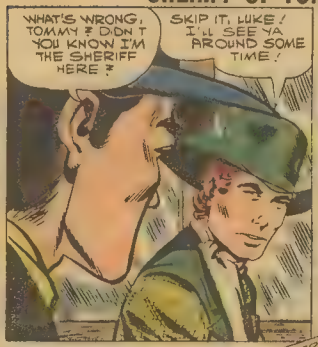
LUKE SPADE--THE OLD SHERIFF'S SON! HE AN' I WERE BUDDIES ONCE! I WONDER IF HE'S STILL AROUND?

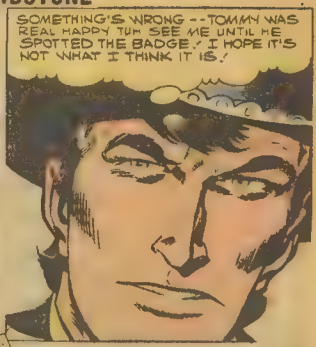
YOU CAN STOP WONDERIN', TOMMY! HERE I AM!

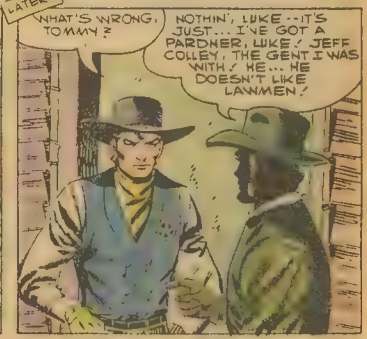
LUKE, YUH OLD BUZZARD! YUH LOOK GREAT! WHAT'S THAT THING ON...

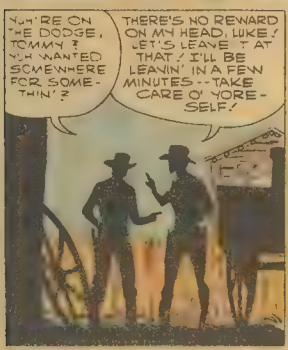
SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

THE TOMB-STONE SHERIFF SAW HIS FACE CHANGE WHEN HE LOOKED AT THE BADGE-- HE WATCHED JEFF COLLEY'S FEAR OF LAWMEN PLAINLY SHOW...

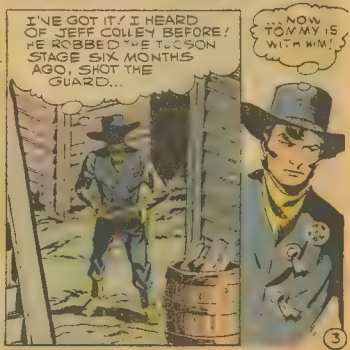





LATER--
WHAT'S WRONG, TOMMY?
NOTHIN', LUKE--IT'S JUST... I'VE GOT A PARDNER, LUKE! JEFF COLLEY, THE GENT I WAS WITH! HE... HE DOESN'T LIKE LAWMEN!

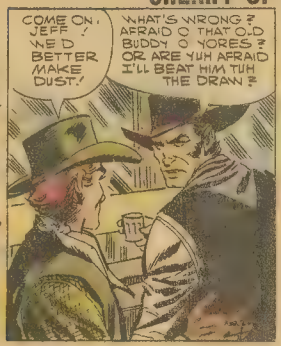

YUH'RE ON THE DODGE, TOMMY? YUH WANTED SOMEWHERE FOR SOMETHIN'?
THERE'S NO REWARD ON MY HEAD, LUKE! LET'S LEAVE T AT THAT! I'LL BE LEAVIN' IN A FEW MINUTES--TAKE CARE O' YORESELF!

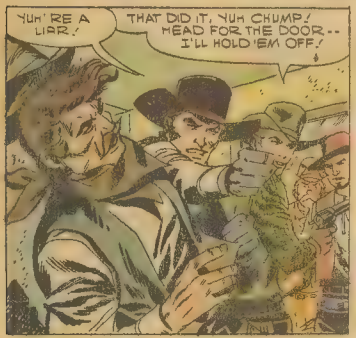
THE COMPACT LITTLE LAWMAN STAYED WHERE HE WAS-- HE WANTED HIS BOYHOOD PAL TO GO BEFORE THINGS GOT COMPLICATED...



SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

TOMMY HAYES WAS AFRAID-- HE WANTED DESPERATELY TO GET OUT OF TOMBSTONE BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE HAPPENED...





THE PLACE WAS IN AN UPROAR-- A BARTENDER REACHED FOR A SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN...

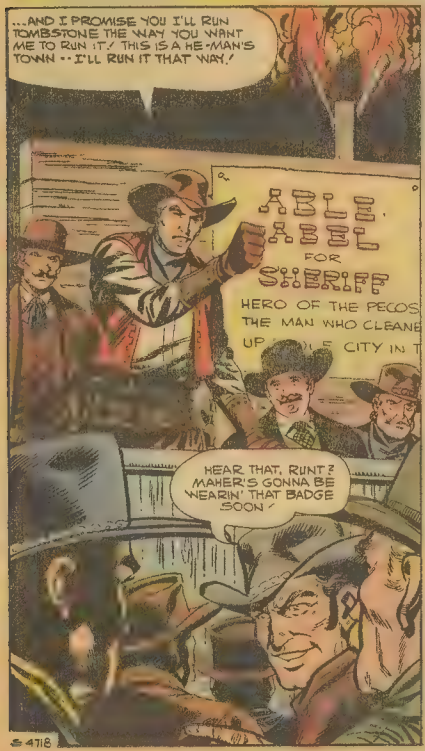
SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

LUKE HELD HIS FIRE -- HE COULD'VE SHOT WHEN COLLEY WAS THROWING LEAD INTO THE SALOON...
YOU--DROP IT OR I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT!
GET HIM, TOMMY! WE GOT 'IM TWO TUH ONE!
GIVE UP LIKE HE SAID, JEFF! DEAL ME OUT OF IT, LUKE! THERE'S MY GUN!
OKAY, TOMMY! NOW YOU, MISTER! DROP IT!
JEFF COLLEY HAD AN INSANE HATRED FOR LAWMEN -- HE BEGAN THROWING LEAD...
LOOK OUT, LUKE, I...
THANKS TOMMY! YOU STOPPED A BULLET MEANT FOR ME!
JEFF COLLEY WENT TO A CELL! TOMMY HAYES SUDDENLY HAD MORE FRIENDS THAN ENOUGH IN TOMB-STONE! HE WAS HURT-- BUT HE'D RE-COVER...
...SO WHEN I WENT BROKE PROSPECTING AND JEFF COLLEY ASKED ME TO JOIN HIM, I DID! I WAS ONLY IN ON ONE JOB!
YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT FROM NOW ON, TOMMY!
YOU'LL PAY YOUR DEBT TO SOCIETY AND THEN COME BACK AND START WITH A CLEAN SLATE, OK, TOMMY?
IT'S A DEAL, BUDDY!
END

SHERIFF of TOMBSTONE

IN THE CHALLENGER

ELECTION DAY WAS COMING -- AND NORM ALBEY WANTED LUKE SPADE OUT OF THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE, NO MATTER WHAT IT COST.' HE TOOK UP THE COLLECTION FROM THE OTHER SHADY BUSINESSMEN IN TOMBSTONE -- HE SENT THE TELEGRAM AND THE DRAFT FOR FIVE THOUSAND THAT BROUGHT ABEL MAHER TO TOMBSTONE / MAHER WAS RUNNING AGAINST LUKE SPADE -- AND IT LOOKED BAD FOR THE PINT-SIZED SHERIFF.'


...AND I PROMISE YOU I'LL RUN TOMBSTONE THE WAY YOU WANT ME TO RUN IT.' THIS IS A HE-MAN'S TOWN -- I'LL RUN IT THAT WAY.'
ABLE ABEL FOR SHERIFF
HERO OF THE PECOS
THE MAN WHO CLEANE
UP
CITY IN T
HEAR THAT, RUNT? MAHER'S GONNA BE WEARIN' THAT BADGE SOON.'

I KNOW I'M NOT THE HEROIC TYPE / AN' I ALSO KNOW THIS MEETING'S OBSTRUCTIN' TRAFFIC, BEIN' HELD WITHOUT A PERMIT -- AN' IT'S BREAKIN' UP RIGHT NOW.' PUT OUT THOSE TORCHES, CLEAR THE STREET.'

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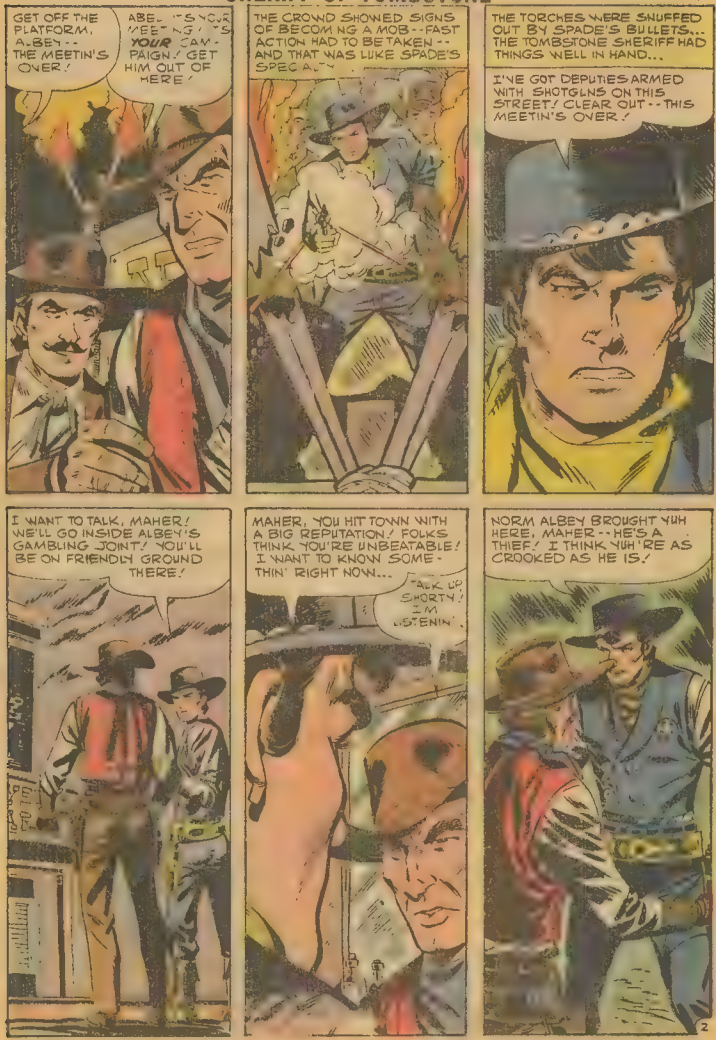
SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE


GET OFF THE PLATFORM, ALBEY -- THE MEETIN'S OVER!
ABEY... IT'S YOUR MEETING... IT'S YOUR CAMPAIGN! GET HIM OUT OF HERE!
THE CROWD SHOWED SIGNS OF BECOMING A MOB -- FAST ACTION HAD TO BE TAKEN -- AND THAT WAS LIKE SPADE'S SPECIALTY.
THE TORCHES WERE SNUFFED OUT BY SPADE'S BULLETS... THE TOMBSTONE SHERIFF HAD THINGS WELL IN HAND...
I'VE GOT DEPUTIES ARMED WITH SHOTGUNS ON THIS STREET! CLEAR OUT -- THIS MEETIN'S OVER!
I WANT TO TALK, MAHER! WE'LL GO INSIDE ALBEY'S GAMBLING JOINT! YOU'LL BE ON FRIENDLY GROUND THERE!
MAHER, YOU HIT TOWN WITH A BIG REPUTATION! FOLKS THINK YOU'RE UNBEATABLE! I WANT TO KNOW SOMETHIN' RIGHT NOW...
"ALK UP SHORTY! I'M LISTENIN'.
NORM ALBEY BROUGHT YUH HERE, MAHER -- HE'S A THIEF! I THINK YUH'RE AS CROOKED AS HE IS!

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

IT WAS FIGHTING TALK.. THEY CLEARED THE SPACE AROUND ABEL MAHER AND THE TOMBSTONE SHERIFF AT ONCE...

BE CAREFUL WHERE YUH PUT YORE HANDS 'LESS YUH INTEND TUH DRAW!

I'M GOIN' TO GNE YOU A BEATIN' WITH MY BARE HANDS, SHORTY.! THAT IS, IF YOU'RE NOT GOING TO RUN AWAY.!

MAHER SLOWLY SET HIS GUNS ON THE BAR NEAR LUKE, THEN THREW A SNEAK PUNCH THAT WOULD HAVE KNOCKED LUKE SPADE COLD...

WHAP!

THAT WAS A.... LUKE SPADE'S GUNS CONERED EVERYONE A SECOND LATER...

I'M NOT PAID FOR BARROOM BRAWLS, MAHER.! I G'N TAKE YUH ANY TIME.! I'M LEAVIN ... ALBEY. NEXT TIME YORE IMPORTED GUNSLINGER WANTS TUH MAKE A SPEECH, GET A PERMIT FOR IT FIRST.! ADIOS, GENTS.!

A LOT OF PEOPLE HAD HAD GRUDGES AGAINST LUKE'S FATHER. OTHERS DIDN'T LIKE THE IDEA OF HAVING A LITTLE MAN WEARING THE BADGE...

WE WANT A REAL SHERIFF LIKE YOU, MR. MAHER.!

WE'LL ALL VOTE FOR YUH, ABEL!

IF WE ELECT ABEL MAHER, THE COWHANDS WILL COME FLOCKING IN -- THEY LIKE A WIDE OPEN TOWN.! TOO STRICT A LAWMAN'S BAD FOR TOMBSTONE!

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

SOME OF LUKE SPADE'S FRIENDS WANTED HIM OUT OF OFFICE TOO -- FOR ENTIRELY DIFFERENT REASONS...

DOGGONE IT, LUKE, I'LL GIVE YUH A SHARE IN THE RANCH IF YUH'LL BE FOREMAN AGAIN! THIS LAWMAN BUSINESS IS DANGEROUS!

IT'S NECESSARY TO ... YUH ... SEE WHAT A ROTTEN PLACE TOMBSTONE CAN BE IF ABEL MAHER GETS ELECTED

NORM ALBEY WILL RUIN EVERY HONEST MAN IN TOWN, INCLUDIN' *YOU*!

IT LOOKED LIKE AN EVEN BET -- WHEN LUKE SPADE ... THE DOC-IE DARREL BROTHERS ... EACH OF THE ... CARRIED $5,000 REWARD ON HIS HEAD -- AND BOTH WERE DEADLY WITH THEIR .45'S!

SOMEONE GET SHERIFF SPADE! THERE'S THE DARREL BOYS!

ABEL MAHER RECOGNIZED THEM AT ONCE. HE WANTED TO GET THEM FOR CASH -- AND GLORY TO WIN A BADGE...

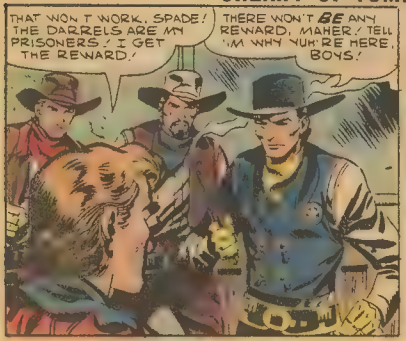
C'N A FELLA GET A DRINK HEREABOUTS?

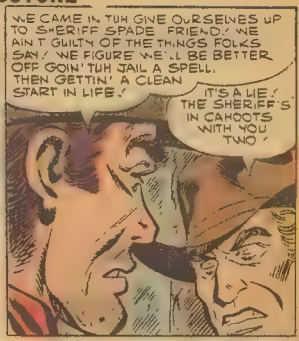
STEP RIGHT UP, BOYS! DRINKS ARE ON ME!

NO ONE KNEW WHY THE TWO BROTHERS WERE IN TOWN -- MAHER DIDN'T ASK HE KNEW FOR HIS .45

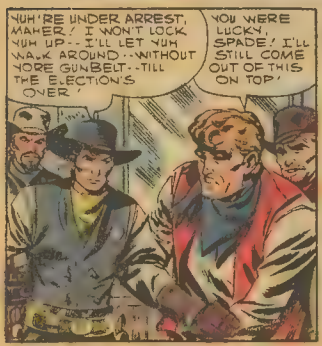
HOLD IT, GENTS! DON'T MOVE!

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE


THAT WON'T WORK, SPADE! THE DARRELS ARE MY PRISONERS! I GET THE REWARD!
THERE WON'T BE ANY REWARD, MAHER! TELL 'IM WHY YUH'RE HERE, BOYS!


WE CAME IN TUH GIVE OURSELVES UP TO SHERIFF SPADE FRIEND! WE AIN'T GUILTY OF THE THINGS FOLKS SAY! WE FIGURE WE'LL BE BETTER OFF GOIN' TUH JAIL A SPELL, THEN GETTIN' A CLEAN START IN LIFE!
IT'S A LIE! THE SHERIFF'S IN CAHOOTS WITH YOU TWO!

MAHER CARRIED TWO GUNS. SUDDENLY WITHOUT WARNING, HE WENT FOR HIS SECOND GUN...


YUH'RE UNDER ARREST, MAHER! I WON'T LOCK YUH UP--I'LL LET YUH WALK AROUND--WITHOUT YORE GUNBELT--TILL THE ELECTION'S OVER!
YOU WERE LUCKY, SPADE! I'LL STILL COME OUT OF THIS ON TOP!

DESPITE THE GUN-FIGHT, THE CITIZENS OF TOMB-STONE WERE STILL DOUBT-FUL ABOUT THE ELECTION!

RELAX, JIM! FOLKS WON'T VOTE FOR A CROOK--MAHER IS ONE! I'LL PROVE IT IN TIME TUH WIN THE BADGE FOR ANOTHER FOUR YEARS!
ALL RIGHT LUKE, I'LL HAVE A JOB FOR YUH IN CASE YUH LOSE!

CHARLIE GOES TO CHICAGO

Charles A. Siringo could truly claim to be a real western cowboy. He punched cattle for Shanghai Pierce, rode the Chisolm trail, once roped a buffalo, joined in the chase for Billy the Kid and was a detective. So sit back in your chair and let him talk. He's headed back for the ranch and has a lot to tell you.

"On our arrival back to the ranch, Moore rigged up a scouting outfit to do nothing but drift over the Plains in search of strayed cattle. The outfit consisted of a well filled chuck wagon, a number one good cook, Mr. O. M. Johnson and three warriors, Jack Ryan, Vanduzen and myself. We had two good horses apiece, that is, all but myself. I had three counting Whiskey-peet.

About the sixth day out we struck three thousand Comanche Indians and became pretty badly scared up. We had camped for the night on the plains, at the forks of Mulberry and Canyon Paladuro. A point from where could be seen one of the roughest and most picturesque scopes of country in the West.

The next morning Jack Ryan went with the wagon to pilot it across Mulberry Canyon, while Vand and I branched off down into Canyon Paladuro to look for cattle signs. We succeeded in finding two little knotty-headed two-year old steers with a bunch of buffalo. They were almost as wild as their woolly associates, but we managed to get them cut out and head in the direction the wagon had gone.

About noon, on turning a sharp curve in the canyon, we suddenly came in full view of our wagon surrounded by a couple of thousand Indians — some on horseback and others still pouring down from the hills on the east. It was too late to figure what to do, for they had already seen us — we were only half a mile off. You see the two wild steers had turned the curve ahead of us and attracted the Indians' attention in that direction. We couldn't see anything but the white top of our wagon because of the solid mass of Indians Hence couldn't tell whether our boys were still among the living or not. We thought of running once. But finally concluded to go up and take our medicine like men, in case they were on the war path. Leaving Whiskey-peet who was tied behind the wagon, kept me from running more than anything else.

On pushing our way through the mass we found the boys, Winchesters in hand, telling the old chiefs where to find plenty of buffalo. There were three thousand in the band. And they had just come from Fort Sill, Indian Territory, on a hunting expedition. They wanted to get where buffaloes were plentiful before locating winter quarters.

From that time on we were among Indians all the time. The Pawnee tribe was the next one we came in contact with. Close to the Indian Territory line we ran afoul of the whole Cheyenne tribe. They were half starved, all the buffalo having drifted south, and their ponies being too poor and weak to follow them up. We traded them out of lots of blankets and trinkets. We soon ran out of chuck too, having swapped it all to the hungry Indians.

We then circled around by Fort Elliot and up the Canadian River to the ranch, arriving there with eighteen head of our steers, after an absence of seven weeks. We only got to remain at the ranch long enough to get a new supply of chuck and a fresh lot of horses. Moore had sent us right back to the Plains, in the southwesterly direction this time. We remained on the Plains scouting around during the rest of the winter, making only short trips to the ranch after fresh horses and grub. We experienced some tough times too. Especially during severe storms when our only fuel "Buffalo-chips" would be covered up in the deep snow for days. Even after the snow melted we could not get much heat from our fuel. Believe me, it was cold out there in those days!

About the first of April, Moore called us in from the Plains to go up the river to Fort Bascom, New Mexico, on a rounding-up expedition. We were gone on that trip over a month. On our arrival back, Moore went to work gathering up everything on the range in the shape of cattle. So as to "close-herd" them during the summer. His idea in doing this was to keep them tame. During the winter they had become almost beyond control. The range was far too large for a few cattle. And another

thing, buffalo being so plentiful had a tendency to make them wild.

About the first of June, Moore put me in charge of an outfit which consisted of twenty-five hundred steers, a wagon and cook, four riders and five horses to the man or rider. He told me to drift over the Plains wherever I felt like. Just so I brought the cattle in fat by the time cold weather set in.

It being an unusually wet summer, the scorer of basins, or "dry lakes," as we called them, contained an abundance of nice fresh water. Therefore we would make a fresh camp every few days. The grass was also fine, being mostly buffalo-grass and nearly a foot high. If ever I enjoyed life it was that summer. No flies or mosquitoes to bother us, lots of game and a balmy atmosphere.

Towards the latter part of July about ten thousand head of "through" cattle arrived from southern Texas — to keep the "wintered" ones from catching the Texas fever. Mr. Moore put them all on the Plains, leaving the new arrivals on the north side of the river. There were three herds besides mine, and I was put in charge of the whole outfit, that is, the four herds, even though they were held as separate as before with the regular number of men, horses, etc. to each herd.

I then put one of my men in charge of the herd I had been holding. And from that time on until late in the fall I had nothing to do but to ride from one herd to the other and see how they were getting along. Sometimes the camps would be twenty miles apart. I generally counted each bunch once a week to be certain they were all there. About the first of October, Moore came out and picked eight hundred of fattest steers out of the four herds and sent them to Dodge to be shipped to Chicago. He then took everything to the river to be turned loose onto the winter range until the next spring.

When the hardest work was over and winter camps established, I secured Moore's consent to let me try and overtake the shipping steers and accompany them to Chicago. So mounted on Whiskey-peet I struck out, accompanied by one of the boys, John Farris. It was doubtful whether we would overtake the herd before being shipped, as they had already been on the road about fifteen days, long enough to have gotten there.

The night after crossing the Cimeron River we had a little Indian scare. About three o'clock that afternoon we noticed two or three hundred mounted Indians, off to one side of the roading, marching up a ravine in single file. Being only a mile off, John proposed to me that we go over and ask them for something to eat. We were terrible hungry as well as thirsty.

I agreed, so we turned and rode towards them. On discovering us they all bunched up as though parleying. We didn't like such maneuvering because we were afraid they might be on the warpath. So we turned and continued our journey along the road keeping a close watch behind for fear they might conclude to follow us.

We arrived on Crooked Creek where there was a store and several ranches, just about dark. On riding up to the store where we intended to stop all night, we found it vacated. And everything turned up-side down as though the occupants had just left in a terrible hurry. Hearing some ox bells down the creek, we turned in that direction hoping to find something to eat.

About a mile's ride brought us to a ranch where several yoke of oxen stood grazing near the door. Finding a sack of corn in a wagon we fed our horses. We opened the door and out jumped a playful puppy who had been asleep. His master had left him there we figured and headed for Dodge. Hanging over the still warm ashes was a pot of nice beef soup which had never been touched. And in the old box cupboard was a lot of cold biscuits and a jar of preserves.

After filling up we struck out for Dodge, still a distance of twenty-five miles. We arrived there a short while after sun-up the next morning. The first man we met, an old friend by the name of Willingham, informed us of the Indian outbreak. There had been several men killed on Crooked Creek the evening before. Hence John and I found the ranches deserted. Cold sweat began to pour down over my face. What would have happened to the two of us had we ridden right into that band of Indians instead of turning away?

I eventually caught up with the herd because they had taken a longer route to avoid driving over a dry stretch of country, forty miles between water. Then they were put on cars to be shipped to Chicago. I went with them and landed at the Palmer House. But after paying one dollar for dinner I concluded its price too high for a plain cowboy like myself. So I moved to the Ervin House which was much cheaper. I stayed in Chicago six days and then headed home. I had left my horse, Whiskey-peet in Anderson's stable and he was o.k. So I mounted him and headed back for the ranch, which was two hundred and twenty-five miles distant.

When I arrived at the ranch I met Billy the Kid and some of his followers. During his stay at the ranch and around Tascosa, I became very well acquainted with him. Later I will tell you of some of his doings."

—THE END—

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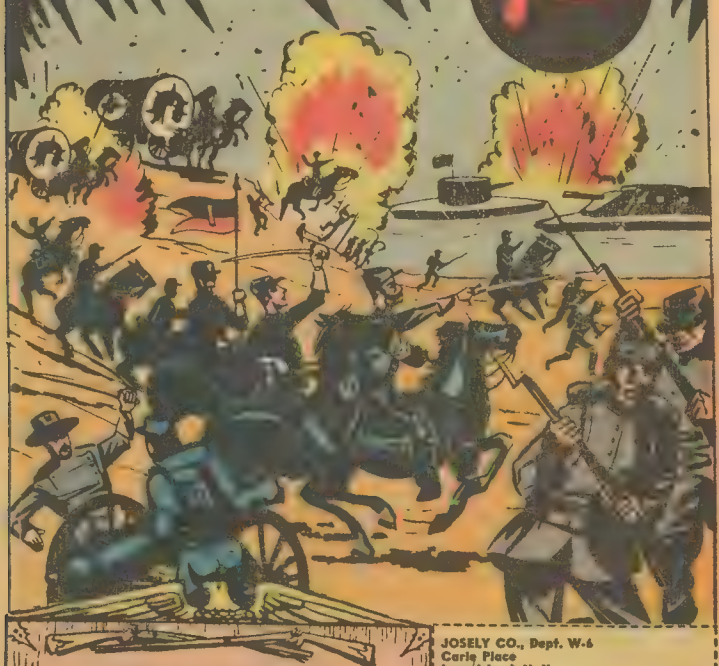

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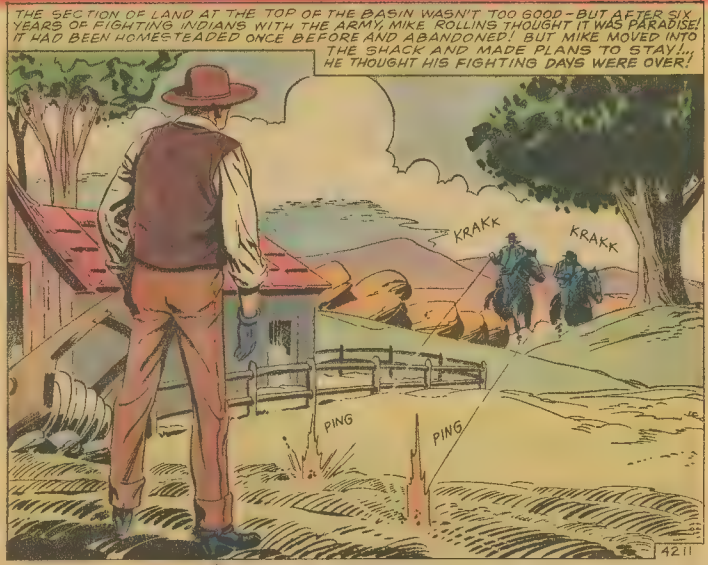
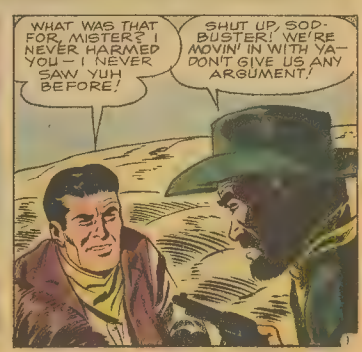
SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

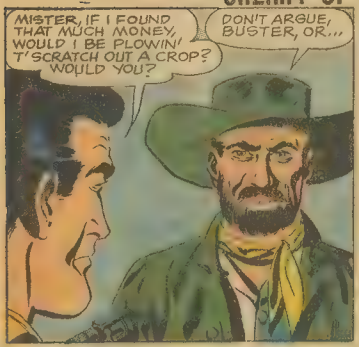
HOMESTEADER'S HEADACHE!

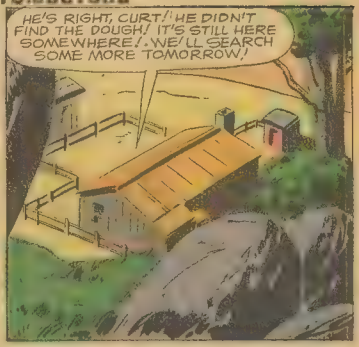

THE SECTION OF LAND AT THE TOP OF THE BASIN WASN'T TOO GOOD - BUT AFTER SIX YEARS OF FIGHTING INDIANS WITH THE ARMY, MIKE ROLLINS THOUGHT IT WAS PARADISE! IT HAD BEEN HOMESTEADED ONCE BEFORE AND ABANDONED! BUT MIKE MOVED INTO THE SHACK AND MADE PLANS TO STAY! HE THOUGHT HIS FIGHTING DAYS WERE OVER!
KRAKK
KRAKK
PING
PING
4211

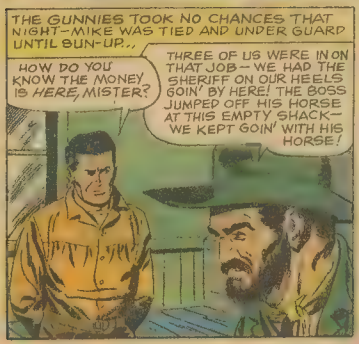

WHAT WAS THAT FOR, MISTER? I NEVER HARMED YOU - I NEVER SAW YUH BEFORE!
SHUT UP, SOD-BUSTER! WE'RE MOVIN' IN WITH YA - DON'T GIVE US ANY ARGUMENT!

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

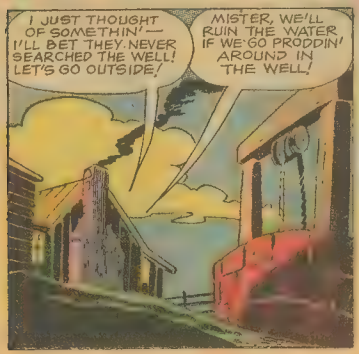
...AIN'T A-MIN' T SET MYSELF SHOT! I'M PLANNIN' ON SETTIN', MARRIED! DON'T WANT TROUBLE WITH GUNS!
NOW YOU'RE SHOWIN' SENSE! HE'S O.K., JOE! GIT DOWN! SOD BUSTER UNSADDLE OUR HORSES THEN HUSTLE US UP SOME GRUB!
THE EX SERGEANT SHUFFLED ABOUT HIS CHORES LOOKING BEATEN AND HELPLESS...
HURRY IT UP, — GRAMMAW!
LET'S TALK BUSINESS, SODBUSTER! DID YA FIND ANYTHIN' IN THIS CABIN WHEN YA MOVED IN HERE?
WHAT IF I DID! 'CORDIN' TA MY DEED, I OWN EVERY-THIN' ON THE PLACE!
LEMME DO IT, CURT! I DON'T LIKE 'IM— HE GOT A SNEAKY LOOK ABOUT 'IM! LIKE AN OUTLAW HORSE WAITIN' FOR A CHANCE T' KICK YORE BRAINS OUT!
NO, JOE! WE NEED HIM!
THE TWO OWLHOOTERS TURNED MIKE'S PLACE UPSIDE DOWN—THEY WERE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING...AND MIKE WAS NO HELP!
YA MUST'VE FOUND IT, SODBUSTER! WHERE IS IT?
WHERE'S WHAT? I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR!
A BLACK TIN BOX - ABOUT TWO FEET SQUARE! IT'S FULL OF CASH — MORE THAN A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS!
START TALKIN', SL...
2


MISTER, IF I FOUND THAT MUCH MONEY, WOULD I BE PLOWIN' T'SCRATCH OUT A CROP? WOULD YOU?
DON'T ARGUE, BUSTER, OR...,


HE'S RIGHT, CURT! HE DIDN'T FIND THE DOUGH! IT'S STILL HERE SOMEWHERE! WE'LL SEARCH SOME MORE TOMORROW!


THE GUNNIES TOOK NO CHANCES THAT NIGHT—MIKE WAS TIED AND UNDER GUARD UNTIL SUN-UP...
HOW DO YOU KNOW THE MONEY IS *HERE*, MISTER?
THREE OF US WERE IN ON THAT JOB—WE HAD THE SHERIFF ON OUR HEELS GOIN' BY HERE! THE BOSS JUMPED OFF HIS HORSE AT THIS EMPTY SHACK—WE KEPT GOIN' WITH HIS HORSE!

HE GOT SHOT UP—HE DIDN'T MAKE IT! BUT HE TOLD THE DOC THAT HE HID THE DOUGH WHERE NOBODY'S EVER GONNA FIND IT! *EXCEPT US!*


I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHIN'—I'LL BET THEY NEVER SEARCHED THE WELL! LET'S GO OUTSIDE!
MISTER, WE'LL RUIN THE WATER IF WE GO PRODDIN' AROUND IN THE WELL!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SODBUSTER, YA WON'T *NEED* A WELL WHEN WE LEAVE! GET MOVIN'—DON'T ARGUE!

THE FARMER HAD DONE EVERYTHING POSSIBLE TO AVOID A FIGHT—NOW, HE KNEW, HE'D HAVE TO BEAT THE PAIR TO SURVIVE THEIR VISIT...
GET THAT RAKE—IT OUGHTA REACH THE BOTTOM OF THE WELL!
NAH—THERE'S A LONG-HANDLED SHOVEL INSIDE! I'LL SHOW YUH..
DON'T TRY ANY TRICKS, MISTER!
YUH DOUBLE-CROSSIN'...UNGH!
WHAT'S WRONG, CURT? ANSWER OR I'LL OPEN UP!
HE'S GOT MY GUN, JOE!
PING!

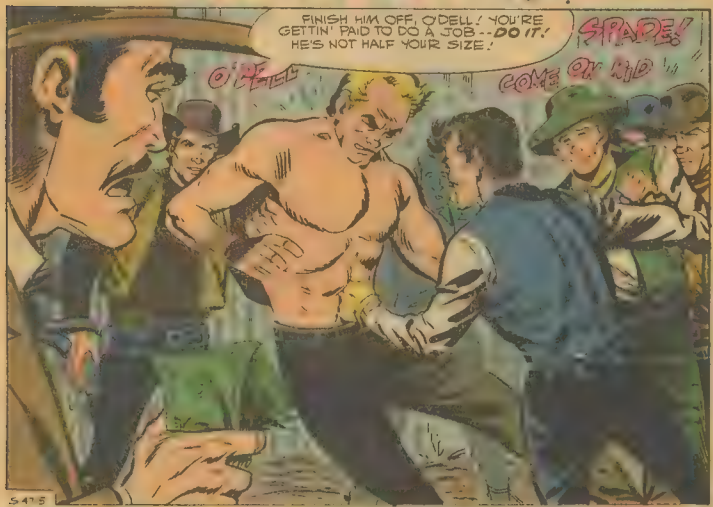
SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

THE OUTLAW WAS AN EXPERIENCED GUNMAN, BUT HE WAS CORNERED AND SHOUTED BACK
COME OUTA THERE! WE'LL FIGHT FAIR AND SQUARE! I AIN'T EVEN GOT A GUN IN MY HAND!
COME ON, O'BRIEN.
HERE I AM, MISTER! READY FOR THE FAIR FIGHT!
KRAK
SADDLE UP BOTH HORSES, MISTER! THIS GUY'S SORTA DISABLED! I'M GONNA GET THE SHERIFF!
LATER IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...
WELL, MIKE, YUH WERE RIGHT ABOUT YOU FOUND THE CASH AND BROUGHT IT IN, YUH SAID THE REWARD WOULD BE BACK FOR IT! YUH GET THE REWARD!
THAT'S GOOD! THERE'S A COLLEEN IN ME MIND WHEN OUR PARTNERSHIP IS OVER I'LL BE MAKIN' ENOUGH TO MARRY HER! THANKS TUH THEM!
THE END

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

in "THE FIGHTER"

THE HARDCASES SNEERED AT HIS SIZE AND CALLED HIM "RUNT"--BUT NOT TO LUKE SPADE'S FACE! HE WAS SMALL. BUT LIKE HIS DAD, FAT JACK, USED TO SAY--"IT AIN'T THE SIZE OF THE DOG IN THE FIGHT, IT'S THE FIGHT IN THE DOG THAT COUNTS!" AND THE SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE WAS FULL OF FIGHT!



SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

HAD ENOUGH, O DELL? ADMIT I LICKED YUH?
YEAH (GASP, I'M... WASHED UP.)
JAY CHANEY'S BETTING COUP BACKFIRED -- HIS POSSES CLEANED HIM OUT, AND THE MEN WHO WON ALMOST MOBBED THE PINT-SIZED SHERIFF...
YAHOO!
YAY!
YIP!
HEY -- THAT WAS AIMED AT ME! PUT ME DOWN, YUH IDIOTS!
CHANEY'S GOT A GUNMAN AFTER LUKE! LET'S GET CHANEY!
BAM!
HOLD IT -- ALL OF YUH! THEY'LL BE NO MOB ACTION IN TOMBSTONE WHILE I'M WEARIN' THE BADGE!
JAY CHANEY OWNED THE PINK SLIPPER, A GAMBLING HOUSE -- HIS PET GUNHAWKS WERE THERE WHEN LUKE SPADE ENTERED...
ALL RIGHT, GENTS, WHO'S THE SNEAK WHO THREW THE LEAD MY WAY?
YUH'RE A SORRY CREW OF DRYGULCHERS! YUH A-L CALL ME RUNT WHEN I AIN'T AROUND TUH HEAR YUH -- I'M STILL TOO BIG FOR YUH TUH TACKLE!

THEY HATED HIM FOR THAT -- BUT THERE WAS MORE -- AND IT HURT JAY CHANEY WHERE IT COUNTED -- IN THE POCKET-BOOK...

CHANEY, I'VE GOTTEN TOO MANY COMPLAINTS ABOUT YORE CROOKED GAMES! YUH'RE CLOSED UP AS OF RIGHT NOW!

YUH CAN'T MAKE IT STICK, SHERIFF! WAIT AN' SEE!

NICE GOING, LUKE! WE'LL BACK YUH UP WHEN TROUBLE STARTS TUH POP!

THANKS, MIKE -- I'LL NEED ALL THE HELP I C'N GET!

THE PINK SLIPPER CLOSED -- BUT CHANEY AND HIS GANG STILL HUNG OUT OUTSIDE...

HE'S OUT THERE, JAY! I'D LOVE TUH PICK 'IM OFF FROM IN HERE!

CLOSED

IF YUH MISSED, THE RUNT WOULD PULL THIS BUILDING AROUND OUR EARS! BESIDES, THERE'D BE NO PROFIT IN IT -- AND WE NEED CASH!

THE BANK NEXT DOOR IS FULL OF LOOT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA HOW TO GET IT AND NOT GET CAUGHT!

THE NICEST PART OF THE PLAN IS THIS -- WE'LL SQUARE THINGS WITH THAT PINT-SIZED LAWMAN AT THE SAME TIME!

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THEY BEND, LEAN, AND TILT!

EVEN THE TINIEST BREEZE ANIMATES THEM!

THEY STAND AND WIGGLE!

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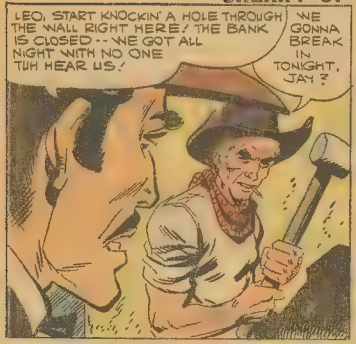
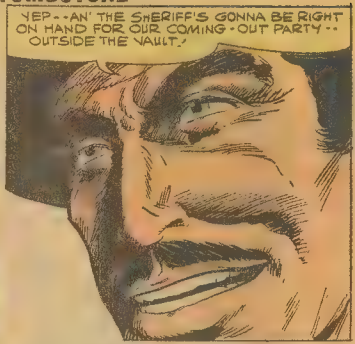
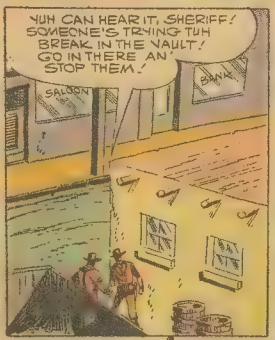
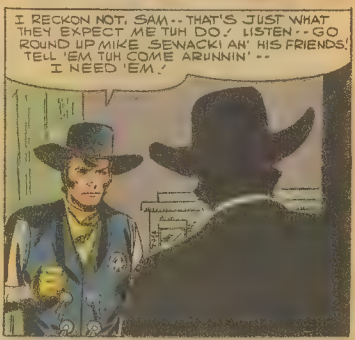
SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

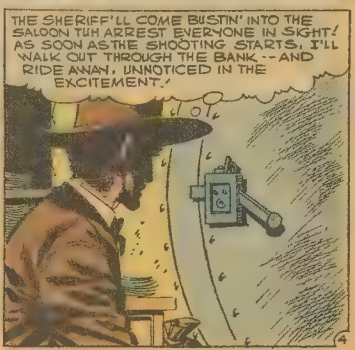

LEO, START KNOCKIN' A HOLE THROUGH THE WALL RIGHT HERE! THE BANK IS CLOSED -- WE GOT ALL NIGHT WITH NO ONE TUH HEAR US!
WE GONNA BREAK IN TONIGHT, JAY?



THE LIGHTS IN TOWN WINKED OUT, ONE BY ONE -- BUT, IN THE QUIET, THE STEADY THUD OF THE SLEDGE HAMMER COULD EASILY BE HEARD...




I RECKON NOT, SAM -- THAT'S JUST WHAT THEN EXPECT ME TUH DO! LISTEN -- GO ROUND UP MIKE SENACKI AN' HIS FRIENDS! TELL 'EM TUH COME ARUNNIN' -- I NEED 'EM!


THE SHERIFF'LL COME BUSTIN' INTO THE SALOON TUH ARREST EVERYONE IN SIGHT! AS SOON AS THE SHOOTING STARTS, I'LL WALK OUT THROUGH THE BANK -- AND RIDE AWAY, UNNOTICED IN THE EXCITEMENT!

THAT'S ABOUT THE WAY IT WORKED-- MIKE SEWACKI AND OTHERS DEPUTIZED FOR THE OCCASION SMASHED THEIR WAY INTO THE PINK SLIPPER...
GET YER HANDS UP-- STAND AGAINST THE WALL! WHERE'S CHANEY?
CHANEY HEARD THEM -- HE KNEW IT WAS TIME TO SLIP OUT...
THE BANKER THINKS NO ONE ELSE KNOWS ABOUT THIS! THE VAULT CAN BE OPENED FROM THE INSIDE -- HE WAS AFRAID OF BEING LOCKED IN SOME TIME!
KEEP COMIN', CHANEY! I KNEW ABOUT THAT SAFETY HANDLE IN THE VAULT TOO!
SPADE!
DROP IT, CHANEY! THE NEXT ONE'S FOR KEEPS!
BLAM!
CHANEY GOT FIFTEEN YEARS FOR THAT JOB-- HIS GANG GOT A FREE RIDE OUT OF TOWN...
WELL, THAT JUST ABOUT CLEANS UP TOMBSTONE, HUH, LUKE?
NOT A CHANCE -- THERE ARE A DOZEN PLACES JUST LIKE THE PINK SLIPPER WAS, MIKE! BUT WE'LL GET AROUND TO 'EM, SOONER OR LATER!
END

Can You UNSCRAMBLE These States?

Join the fun! Everybody can win! Test your skill to qualify for a valuable prize. Just unscramble the names of four states and then mail us the answer. Everybody can win. Anyone can enter.

1. **NICILAFARO** (FAMOUS FOR ORANGES)
2. **NAILAUOSI** (FAMOUS FOR SUGAR)
3. **SANOMENTI** (FAMOUS FOR LAKES)
4. **NAVINEPSALYN** (FAMOUS FOR STEEL)

EXAMPLE: DOLIFAR
ANSWER: FLORIDA

We're running this special Unscramble test to get acquainted and find at least 116 families who would appreciate having their choice of such an amazing, real, live, Miniature Pet. Every member of the family will have fun helping to unscramble the names of these four States.

WIN

Your Choice NEW Live MINIATURE PET

This is our way of getting acquainted. Everyone who has received such a wonderful Miniature Pet is simply "crazy" about it . . . wouldn't part with it for the world. I'll be happy to send you ENTIRELY AT MY EXPENSE your choice of this alert, young Miniature Dog or Miniature Monkey. Send in your entry today and simply hand out only twenty get-acquainted coupons to friends, relatives and neighbors to help us get that many new customers as per our premium letter. Your choice of the adorable Miniature Dog or Miniature Monkey is sent to you when the coupons are used. **Send your answer today.**

Please send me your favorite snapshot, photo or Kodak picture when sending your 4 names of States to qualify for your Miniature Dog or Miniature Monkey. We will make you a beautiful 5 x 7 inch enlargement in a handsome "Movietone" frame. You can tell your friends about our bargain, hand-colored enlargements when you're handing out the get-acquainted coupons. Just mail me your favorite snapshot, print or negative NOW and pay the postman only forty-nine cents and a few cents for our c.o.d. service plus postage when your treasured enlargement arrives and I'll include the "Movietone" frame at no extra cost. Your original is returned with your enlargement and frame. Also include the COLOR OF HAIR AND EYES with your picture, so I can also give you our bargain offer on a second enlargement artfully hand colored in oils for natural beauty, sparkle and life, like we have done for thousands of others.

I'm so anxious to send you a wonderful Miniature Dog or Miniature Monkey that I hope you send me your answer right away and also include your favorite snapshot. **Mrs. Ruth Long**, Gift Manager.

Miniature DOG (WORLD'S TINIEST KIND)

This lovable, young Miniature Dog is so tiny you can carry it in your pocket or hold it in one hand, yet it is a reliable watch dog as well as loyal and affectionate.

Miniature MONKEY

Tiniest monkey for a pet. So tiny you can hold it in your hand . . . healthy and very intelligent.

HURRY! HURRY!

Send your answer today. Winners notified promptly by mail. Don't delay!

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. X-578, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines 2, Iowa

Please enter my name for the Miniature Pet of my choice and send me the twenty coupons to hand out. Enclosed find snapshot or negative for enlarging.

NAMES OF STATES ARE:	Color of Hair	Color of Eyes
1.	Name	
2.	Address	
3.	City	
4.	State	

DEAN STUDIOS (OUR 20TH YEAR)
Dept. X-578, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines 2, Iowa

Any Photograph or Kodak Picture Copied

25 BILLFOLD (WALLET SIZE) PHOTOS $1

SENT ON APPROVAL. First order, special get-acquainted bargain. Send favorite snapshot, or photo with adv. for 25 new, deckle edge photos, 2½x3½ in. size on double weight, silk finish, portrait paper. The rage for exchanging with friends, enclosing with letters or greeting cards. Used by job seekers, students, actors, parents. Original returned. SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman on arrival and a few cents for our c.o.d. service plus postage or enclose payment and we prepay. 4 day service. Satisfaction and quality guaranteed.

OFFER LIMITED
SEND TODAY

MOVYLAND STUDIOS DEPT. 296, 211 W. 7TH ST., DES MOINES 2, IOWA

My name is Charles Atlas. Of course, I can't promise that you'll win the title of "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man," as I did. But I *do* say that I believe I can make a mighty powerful He-Man out of you – in a very short time. In fact, you can prove it to yourself in 7 days. At my risk, of course. And I have good reason for believing I can do it. Because during the last 30 years I have turned many thousands of weaklings – fellows who were ashamed of their bodies – into beautifully-proportioned human dynamos of strength, energy, and tireless endurance . . . with the kind of muscular development that needn't take "back talk" from any one. My big free book will tell you how my secret of Dynamic Tension may be able to do such a job for *you*. Where shall I send your copy? There's not a bit of cost or obligation on your part. So mail the coupon now.

Charles Atlas
Holder of title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

ARE YOU
Skinny and Run Down?
•
Always Tired?
•
Nervous
•
Shy and Lacking in Confidence?
•
Overweight and Short of Breath?
•
Lacking in Vim and Vigor?
•
Slow at Sports?
•
Do you Want to Gain Weight?
•
What to Do About It is Told in My FREE BOOK!

VALUABLE TROPHY GIVEN AWAY
You can win this strikingly handsome trophy, over 1½ ft. high!

Where Shall I Send Your Copy of My Big FREE BOOK?

Mail the coupon now for your FREE copy of my valuable 32-page book. Also check the kind of body you want right in the coupon. My book tells how you can get it *fast*. See how I can give you "Stand-Out" muscles *where* you want them; add inches to your chest and shoulders; make your legs and arms bulge with power. Read how "Dynamic Tension" can make you a new man – confident popular, successful. See pages of actual photos of men who have become "Atlas Champions" my way. Read the answers to vital questions about your health . . . your personality . . . your future – WHAT I can do for you and HOW I do it. Rush the coupon to me personally:

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 32S9
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 32S9
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want: (Check as many as you like)

- ☐ More Weight—Solid in The Right Places
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book showing how "Dynamic Tension" can make me a new man. 32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name ..... Age .....
(please print or write plainly)

Address .....

City ..... State .....

A Real Live PARRAKEET

"the talking bird"

Beautiful Parrakeet makes a lively pet. All birds are of finest quality from talking stock. Sent in a sturdy wire cage with instructions for teaching it to talk and do tricks. Safe delivery guaranteed.

ELVIS PRESLEY GUITAR
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DAISY "EAGLE" AIR RIFLE with scope

BALLISTIC MISSILE ROCKET
Soars High in the Air

Cuckoo-style CLOCK

CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE

It's Yours—So Easily

Take your choice of a wonderful Parrakeet (the talking bird) or any of these other prizes. They can be yours—quickly, easily. Many prizes shown here and dozens more in our Big Prize Book are given WITHOUT COST for selling 30 XMAS PACKS at 35c each. Some of the larger prizes require more sales or extra money as explained in the Prize Book.

Be First In Your Neighborhood

It's easy to sell XMAS PACKS to your family, friends and neighbors. Each pack contains five beautiful Christmas Cards and Envelopes—a great big value for 35c. They are much easier to sell than large assortments of cards. Many boys and girls sell their packs in one day. You can, too—and get your prize at once. Or, if you want money instead of a prize, keep $5.50 in cash for every order you sell.

Send No Money, We Trust You

Mail coupon today for your XMAS PACKS and Big Prize Book—give the other coupon to a friend.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY COMPANY, Dept. 858, Lancaster, Pa.

MORE PRIZES TO CHOOSE FROM!

Eastman Camera
Sleeping Bag
Table Tennis Set
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Colt 45 Cap Pistol
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and many more!

AXE & KNIFE KIT

GIRLS' TRAVEL CASE

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CHEMCRAFT LAB with atomic energy book

BOYS' AND GIRLS' Wrist Watches

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POOL TABLE SET

Extra Coupon for a Friend

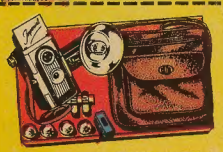
AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 858F, Lancaster, Pa.

Please send me your Big Prize Book and one order of 30 XMAS PACKS. I will sell the packs at 35c each, send you the money and choose my prize.

Name_____

Address_____

Town_____ State_____



Complete Reflex CAMERA OUTFIT

Photo LOCKET SET

Mail This—Send No Money

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 858, Lancaster, Pa.

Please send me your Big Prize Book and one order of 30 XMAS PACKS. I will sell the packs at 35c each, send you the money and choose my prize.

Name_____

Address_____

Town_____ State_____